



Cantate

Children's and Youth Choir of Central Virginia

Sing Spring In!

Annual Spring Concert



Sunday, May 7, 2017, 3:00 p.m.

St. John's Episcopal Church
Lynchburg, Virginia

Peggy Haas Howell, Conductor

Elizabeth Wilkinson, Assistant Conductor and Accompanist

Program

Singing in Spring

Sing Spring In!

Noël Goemanne (1907-1991)

Sing spring in, bring spring in, tender and green. Cast away winter and paint a new scene.
Sing spring in, bring spring in, soft breezes blow: tip buds on the branches and banish the snow.
How on earth can earth remember to grow green again each year?
O what grand force persuades the planet to whisk winter out of here?

Sing spring in, bring spring in, sun starts to tease: opens the flowers and warms up the seas.
Sing spring in, zing spring in, see how it glows: eyes start to glisten, and energy flows.
Locked up by winter, set loose at last, sweet spring's our refreshment after cold fast.
Its new life is in you: the Spirit's renewed. Whatever the season, make Spring your mood.

Tanzen und Springen

Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)

Tanzen und springen,
singen und klingen.
Fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la.
Lauten und Geigen
soll'n auch nicht schweigen.,
zu musizieren und jubilieren
steht mir all mein Sinn.
Fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la.
Tanzen und springen,
singen und klingen.
Fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la.

Dancing and springing,
singing and ringing.
Fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la.
Strings loudly sounding,
lutes now resounding,
my heart now rejoices
when I am singing my song evermore.
Fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la.
Dancing and springing,
singing and ringing.
Fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la.

An die Musik (*To Music*)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Du holde Kunst, in vieviel grauen Stunden,
wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!

You, noble Art, in how many grey hours,
when life's mad tumult wraps around me,
have you kindled my heart to warm love,
have you transported me to a better world!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
ein süsser, heiliger Akkord von dir
den Himmel heissrer Zeiten, mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür.

Often has a sigh flowing from your harp,
a sweet, divine harmony from you
unlocked to me the heaven of better times.
You, noble art, I thank you for it!

It was a lover and his lass

John Rutter (b. 1945)

Text from *As you like it* by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

It was a lover and his lass, with a hey and a ho, and a hey nonny no,
That o'er the green cornfields did pass, in springtime, in springtime,
The only pretty ring time: when birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye, with a hey and ho, and a hey nonny no,
These pretty country folks would lie, hey ding a ding ding,
In springtime, in springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time, with a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,
For love is crowned with the prime, in springtime, in springtime,
The only pretty ring time: when birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Hebrew Songs

Dodi li

Israeli song by Nira Chen, arr. Doreen Rao

Text from Song of Solomon, 2:16, 3:6, 4:9

Refrain: Dodi li vaani lo Haroe. Bashoshanim. My beloved is mine and I am his, the shepherd grazing his flock among the lilies.

Mizot ola Min Hamidbar Mizot ola.

Who is this who goes from the wilderness?

Libavtini Achoti kala Libavtini kala. *Refrain*

You have captivated my heart, my chosen sister and bride. *Refrain*

Uri tsafon Uvoi Teiman. *Refrain*

Awake North Wind and come South Wind. *Refrain*

Hashivenu

Israeli Folk Song, arr. Doreen Rao

Text from Lamentations 5:21

Hashivenu, hashivenu Adonai elecha
Venashuva, venashuca.
Chadesh, chadesh yameinu kekedem.

Cause us to return Lord, to you
and we shall return.
Renew our days of old.

Hine ma tov

Allan E. Naplan

Hine ma tov uma nayim
shevet achim gam yachad.

How good it is for all of us
to join together in song.

French Songs

Arlequin dans sa boutique (*Harlequin in his shop*)

French Folk Song

arr. Earlene Rentz and Suzanne Rita Byrnes

Arlequin dans sa boutique
sur les marche du palais,
fait répéter sa musique
a tous ses petits valets.

Harlequin is in his shop
on the palace steps.
He teaches his music
To all his little helpers.

Oui, Monsieur Po, oui Monsieur Li,
oui, Monsieur Chi, oui, Monsieur Nelle,
oui, Monsieur Polichinelle.

Yes, Mr. Po, yes, Mr. Li,
yes, Mr. Chi, yes Mr. Nelle,
yes, Mr. Polichinelle.

In his shop you'll find some candy, better than a lic'rice stick.
Gingerbread men all a-plenty, oranges too, a penny a pick.
Boutique, musique. There's music in his shop! Harlequin's shop.

Cerf-volant (*Kite-flying*)

Christophe Barratier and Bruno Coulais

Morgan Cook, treble

Cerf-volant, volant au vent,
ne t'arrête pas.
Vers la mer, haut dans les airs,
un enfant te voit.
Voyage insolent,
troubles enivrant,
amours innocents, suivent ta voie,
Suivent ta voie envolant.

Kite flying, flying in the wind,
don't stop.
On the way to the sea, high in the sky,
a child sees you.
Fearless journey,
exhilarating commotion,
innocent love follow your route,
follow your route while flying.

Cerf-volant, volant au vent,
ne t'arrête pas.
Vers la mer, haut dans les airs,
un enfant te voit.
Et dans la tourmente
tes ailes triomphantes!
N'oublie pas de revenir vers moi!

Kite flying, flying in the wind,
don't stop.
On the way to the sea, high in the sky,
a child sees you.
And in the storm
your wings will be victorious!
Don't forget to return to me.

Ton Thé (*Your Tea*)

Jeanne and Robert Gilmore, arr. Susan Brumfield

Text: Traditional French tongue-twister

Ton thé a-t-il oté ta toux, ton thé, ton thé? Ta toux! Your tea, has it removed your cough?

American Folk Songs

Old Joe Clark

arr. Mary Goetze

*Refrain: Round and round Old Joe Clark, round and round.
Round and round Old Joe Clark, ain't got long to stay.*

Old Joe Clark, he had a house sixteen stories high.
Every story in that house was full of chicken pie. *Refrain*

Joe Clark's bed measured eight by four.
He took his feather bed and me, I got the floor.
I went down to Joe Clark's house, never been before.
He slept on the feather bed and I slept on the floor. *Refrain*

Joe Clark had a violin, he fiddled all the day.
Anybody start to dance and Joe would start to play. *Refrain*

The sow took the measles

arr. Stuart Hunt; keyboard by Walter Ehret

When I was young I bought me a plow, a couple of chickens and a little black sow,
chickens or ducks or any such thing, the sow took the measles and she died in the spring.

What do you think I made with her hide? The very best saddle that you ever did ride.
Saddle or whip or any old thing, the sow took the measles and she died in the spring.

What do you think I made of her nose? The very best thimble that did ever sew clothes.
Thimble or thread or any such thing. The sow took the measles and she died in the spring.

What do you think I made of her feet? The very best pickles that you ever did eat.
Pickles or glue or any such thing. The sow took the measles and she died in the spring.

Folk Songs from the British Isles

Red is the Rose

Irish Folk Sing arr. Mark Brymer

Chloe Heaton, soprano and Hannah Brown, alto

*Refrain: Red is the rose that by yonder garden grows. Fair is the lily of the valley.
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne. O, but my love is fairer than any.*

Come over the hills my bonny Irish lad. Come over the hills to your darling.
You choose the rose, love, and I will make the vow, and I'll be your true love forever. *Refrain*

It's not for the parting that my sister pains, it's not for the grief of my mother.
It's all for the loss of my handsome Irish lad, that my heart is broken forever. *Refrain*

Go lassie go

Scottish Folk Song, arr. Mark Sirett

Oh the summer time is coming and the trees are sweetly blooming
and the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather.

Will ye go, lassie go?

*Refrain: And we'll all go together to pick wild mountain thyme
all around the blooming heather. Will ye go, lassie go?*

I will build my love a tower near yon pure crystal fountain,
and on it I will pile all the flowers of the mountain.

Will ye go, lassie go? *Refrain*

If my true love were gone I would surely find another
where the wild mountain thyme grows around the blooming heather.

Will ye go, lassie go? *Refrain*

Afton Water

Scottish Folk Song arr. Robert Fleming

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
my Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
Thou stockdove whose echo resounds from the hill,
ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny dell.
Thou greencrested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

Thy crystal stream Afton, how lovely it glides;
and winds by the cot where my Mary abides;
how wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
as gathering sweet flowerlets she stems the clear wave.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
flow gently, sweet river, the dream of my lays.
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Skye boat song

Scottish Folk Song, arr. Evelyn Sharpe

*Refrain: Speed, bonnie boat like a bird on the wing, onward the sailors cry,
carry the lad that's born to be King, over the sea to Skye.*

Loud the waves howl, loud the waves roar, thunderclaps rend the air.
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore, follow they will not dare. *Refrain*

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep oceans a royal bed,
rocked in the deep, Flora will keep watch by your weary head. *Refrain*

Many's the lad fought on that day well the claymore could wield.
When the night came silently lay dead on Culloden's field. *Refrain*

Burned are our homes, exile and death scatter the loyal men.
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath, Charlie will come again. *Refrain*

Mairi's Wedding

Scottish Folksong, arr. Bob Chilcott

Step we gaily, on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe,
arm and arm and row on row, all for Mairi's wedding.

Over hillways up and down, myrtle green and bracken brown,
past the shieling, thru the town, all for sake of Mairi.

Plenty herring, plenty meal, plenty peat to fill her creel,
plenty bonny bairns as well. That's the toast for Mairi.

Red her cheeks as rowans are, bright her eye as any star,
fairest of them all by far, is our darling Mairi.

Jabberwocky

Sam Pottle

Text from *Through the Looking Glass* by Lewis Carroll

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves, and the mome raths outgrabe.
Beware the Jabberwock, my son! The jaws that bite, the teeth that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun the frumious Bandersnatch!
He took his vorpal sword in hand: long time the manxome foe he sought.
So rested he by the Tumtum tree, and sood awhile in thought.
And as in uffish thought he stood, the Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
came whiffing through the tulgey wood, and burbled as it came!
One, two! And through and through the vorpal blade went snickersnack!
He left it dead, and with its head he went galumphing back.
And hast thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Calloo! Callay! He chortled in his joy.
'Twas brillig and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves, and the mome raths outgrabe.
O frabjous day! Calloo! Callay!

Donations will be taken as you leave the concert. Your generous gift will help to sustain Cantate now and in future seasons! Please make checks out to "Cantate".

CANTATE is an organization dedicated to bringing quality choral music to the children and youth of Central Virginia. The community choir of thirty boys and girls between the ages of 8 and 18 is in residence at St. John’s Church, Lynchburg. Each chorister’s musical training includes vocal production, note reading, and interpretation. Music of many styles and traditions is sung, from Renaissance madrigals, to folk music of many traditions, to newly composed works. Most music is sung in parts, and performed in the original languages. Rehearsals are held on Monday afternoons from September through May.

This season, performances included a choral festival with English conductor, Martin Neary, in October, a holiday concert with the Lynchburg Symphony in December, a Christmas Festival of Lessons and Carols with St. John’s Choir in December, a performance at St. Mark’s Church, Clifford sponsored by AGAR in February, a performance of Rutter’s “Mass of the Children” with the Lynchburg College Choral Union in April, and today’s concert. Cantate’s final performance of the season will be at the Academy of the Arts Gallery on May 26, at the showing of Keith Lee’s film “Spirit of the Fallen”. Auditions for next season can be arranged by emailing HowellPH@CantateChoir.net or calling Mrs. Howell at 528-1138, ext. 20.

CANTATE CHORISTERS

Rachel Anderson	<i>Lynchburg Christian Academy</i>	Ruby Helm	<i>New Covenant School</i>
Hannah Brown	<i>Home schooled</i>	Jasmine House	<i>Linkhorne Middle School</i>
Jeremiah Brown	<i>Home schooled</i>	Lily Jablonski	<i>G.O.Center, R.S.Payne Elem.</i>
Micah Brown	<i>Home schooled</i>	Victoria Johnson	<i>Home schooled</i>
Morgan Cook	<i>Paul Monroe Elem.</i>	Eloise Koscielny	<i>James River Day School</i>
Mauren Cooper	<i>Home schooled</i>	Katie Passman	<i>James River Day School</i>
Kate Flippin	<i>James River Day</i>	Joseph Petke	<i>Haven Academy</i>
Cyrus Harris	<i>Home schooled</i>	Matthew-Isaac Petke	<i>Haven Academy</i>
Emma Belle Harris	<i>Home schooled</i>	Isabelle Philipps	<i>Home schooled</i>
Josiah Harris	<i>Home schooled</i>	Helen Thompson	<i>Forest Elementary School</i>
Lydia Harris	<i>Home schooled</i>	Lucy White	<i>Paul Monroe Elementary</i>
Chloe Heaton	<i>New Covenant School</i>	Elias Williams	<i>Home schooled</i>
Cora Helm	<i>New Covenant School</i>	Griffin Williams	<i>Home schooled</i>
Grant Helm	<i>New Covenant School</i>	Ffion Williams	<i>Home schooled</i>
Owen Helm	<i>New Covenant School</i>	Morgen Williams	<i>Home schooled</i>

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